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A LITTLE ELBOW-ROOM.

Good friend, don't squeeze so very tight!
There's room enough for two.
Keep in your mind that I've a right
To live as well as you!
You're rich and strong; I, poor and weak;
But think you I presume
When only this poor boon I ask,—
A little elbow-room.

'Tis such as you—the rich and strong,
If you but had the will—
Could give the weak a lift along,
And help them up the hill.
Put no I you jostle, crowd and drive!
You storm, and fret and fume!
You are the only man alive
In want of elbow-room!

But thus it is on life's round path—
"Self" seems the god of all!
The strong will crush the weak to death—
The big devour the small!
Far better a rich man's bound—
A vault, safe or grim—
Than struggle 'mid the mass around,
When we've no elbow room.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.
Author of "The Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty
Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"
"The Son of Athos," "The Lioness in
Valley," "The Iron
Mask," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV. THE PIGEONS OF DORT.

It was, indeed, in itself a great honor
for Cornelius Van Baerle to be confined
in the same prison which had once received
the learned master Grotius.
But, on arriving at the prison, he met
with an honor even greater. As chance
would have it, the cell formerly inhabited
by the illustrious Barneveldt happened
to be vacant, when the clemency of the
Prince of Orange sent the tulip-fancier
Van Baerle there.

The cell had a very bad character at
the castle, since the time when Grotius,
by means of the device of his wife, made
escape from thence in that famous book-
chest, which the jailers forgot to examine.

On the other hand, it seemed to Van
Baerle an auspicious omen that this very
cell was assigned to him; for, according
to his ideas, a jailer ought never to
have given to a second pigeon the cage
from which the first had so easily flown.
The cell had an historical character.
We will only state here that, with the ex-
ception of an alcove, which was contri-
buted there for the use of Madame Grotius,
it differed in no respect from the other
cells of the prison; only, perhaps, it was
a little higher, and had a splendid view
from the grated window.

Cornelius felt himself perfectly indiffer-
ent as to the place where he had to lead
an existence which was little more than
vegetation. There were only two things
now for which he cared, and the posses-
sion of which was a happiness enjoyed
only in imagination.

A flower and a woman, both of them,
as he conceived, lost to him forever.

Fortunately the good doctor was mis-
taken. In his prison-cell the most ad-
venturous life which ever fell to the lot
of any tulip-fancier, was reserved for him.

One morning, whilst at his window, in-
haling the fresh air which came from the
river, and casting a longing look to the
windmills of his dear old city Dort, which
were looming in the distance behind a
forest of chimneys, he saw flocks of
pigeons coming from that quarter, to
perch flustering on the pointed gable ends
of Lovestein.

These pigeons, Van Baerle said to him-
self, are coming from Dort, and conse-
quently may return there. By fastening
a little note to the wing of one of these
pigeons, one might have a chance to send
a message there. Then after a few mo-
ments consideration, he exclaimed,—
"I will do it."

A man grows very patient who is
twenty-eight years of age, and condemned
to a prison for life, that is to say, to some-
thing like twenty-two or twenty-three
thousand days of captivity.

Van Baerle, from whose thoughts the
three bulls were never absent, made a
snare for catching the pigeons, baiting the
birds with all the resources of his kitchen,
such as it was, for eight sisters (sixteen
English) a day; and, after a month of un-
successful attempts, he at last caught a
female bird.

It cost him two more months to catch
a male bird; he then shut them up to-
gether, and having about the beginning
of the year 1673 obtained some eggs from
them, he released the female, which, leav-
ing the male bird behind to hatch the
eggs in her stead, flew joyously to Dort,
with the note under her wing.

She returned in the evening. She had
preserved the note.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., NOVEMBER 10, 1875.

NO. 45.

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This it went on for fifteen days, at first
to the disappointment, and then to the
great grief of Van Baerle.
On the sixteenth day, at last, she came
back without it.
Van Baerle had addressed it to his
nurse, the old Friar woman; and implored
any charitable soul who might find it,
to convey it to her as safely and speedily
as possible.

In this letter there was a little note in-
closed for Rosa.
Van Baerle's nurse had received the
letter in the following way:

Leavie Dort, Myneer Isaac Boxtel
had abandoned not only his house, his
servants, his observatory, and his tele-
scope, but also his pigeons.
The servant having been left without
wages, first lived on his little savings, and
then on his master's pigeons.

Seeing this, the pigeons emigrated from
the roof of Isaac Boxtel to that of Cor-
nelius Van Baerle.
The nurse was a kind-hearted woman,
who could not live without something to
love. She conceived an affection for the
pigeons which had thrown themselves on
her hospitality; and when Boxtel's servant
reclaimed them with culinary inten-
tions, having eaten the first fifteen al-
ready, and now wishing to eat the other
fifteen, she offered to buy them from him,
for a consideration of six stivers per head.

This being just double their value, the
man was very glad to close the bargain,
and the nurse found herself in undisputed
possession of the pigeons of her master's
envious neighbor.

The note, as we have said, had reach-
ed Van Baerle's nurse.

And also, it came to pass, that one
evening in the beginning of February,
just when the stars were beginning to
twinkle, Cornelius heard on the stair-
case of the little turret a voice, which
thrilled through him.

He put his hand on his heart, and lis-
tened.
It was the sweet harmonious voice of
Rosa.

Let us confess it, Cornelius was not so
stupified with surprise, or so beyond
himself with joy, as he would have been,
but for the pigeon, which, in answer to
his letter, had brought back hope to him
under her empty wing; and, knowing
Rosa, he expected, if the note had ever
reached her, to hear of her whom he
loved, and also of his three darling bulls.

He rose, listened once more, and bent
forward toward the door.
Yes, they were indeed the accents which
had fallen so sweetly on his heart at the
Hague.

The question now was, whether Rosa,
who had made the journey from the
Hague to Lovestein, and who—Cornelius
did not understand how—had suc-
ceeded even in penetrating into the pris-
on, would be fortunate enough in pen-
etrating to the prisoner himself.

While Cornelius, debating this point
within himself, was building all sorts of
castles in the air, and was struggling be-
tween hope and fear, the shutter of the
grating in the door opened, and Rosa,
beaming with joy, and beautiful in her
pretty national costume—but still more
beautiful from the grief which for the last
five months had blanched her cheeks—
pressed her little face against the wire-
grating of the window, saying to him,—
"Oh! Sir, air, here I am!"

Cornelius stretched out his arms, and
looking to heaven, uttered a cry of joy,—
"Oh, Rosa, Rosa!"

"Hush! let us speak low; my father
follows on my heels," said the girl.
"Your father?"

"Yes, he is in the courtyard at the bot-
tom of the staircase, receiving the in-
structions of the Governor; he will pre-
sently come up."

"The instructions of the Governor?"
"Listen to me, I'll try to tell you all in
a few words. The Stadtholder has a
country-house, one league distant from
Leyden, properly speaking a kind of large
dairy, and my aunt, who was his nurse,
has the management of it. As soon as
I received your letter, which, alas! I
could not read myself, but which your
housekeeper read to me, I hastened to my
aunt; there I remained until the Prince
should come to the dairy; and when he
came, I asked him, as a favor, to allow
my father to exchange his post at the
prison of the Hague with the jailer of
the fortress of Lovestein. The Prince
could not have suspected my object; had
he known it, he would have refused my
request, but, as it is, he granted it."

"And so you are here?"
"As you see."

"And thus I shall see you every
day?"
"As often as I can manage it."

"Oh, Rosa, my beautiful Rosa, do you
love me a little?"
"A little?" she said; "you make no
great pretensions, Myneer Cornelius."

Cornelius tenderly stretched out his
hands towards her, but they were only
able to touch each other with the tips of
his fingers through the wire grating.
"Here is my father," she said.
Rosa then abruptly drew back from the
door, and ran to meet old Gryphus, who
made his appearance at the top of the
staircase.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE GRATED WINDOW.
Gryphus was followed by the manst.

The turnkey took the animal round
the jail, so that, if needs be, he might
recognize the prisoners.

"Father," said Rosa, "here is the fa-
mous prison from which Myneer Grotius
escaped. You know Myneer Grotius?"

"Oh, yes, that rogue Grotius; a friend
of that villain Barneveldt, whom I saw
executed when I was a child. Ah! so
Grotius; and that's the chamber from
which he escaped. Well, I'll answer for
it that no one shall escape after him in
my time."

And thus opening the door, he began
in the dark to talk to the prisoner.
The dog, on his part, went up to the
prisoner, and growling, smelled about his
legs, just as though to ask him what right
he had still to be alive, after having left
the prison in the company of the Record-
er and the executioner.

But the fair Rosa called him to her
side.
"Well, my master," said Gryphus, hold-
ing up his lantern to throw a little light
around, "you see in me your new jailer.
I am head turnkey, and have all the cells
under my care. I'm not vicious, but I'm
not to be trifled with, as far as discipline
goes."

"My good Master Gryphus, I know you
perfectly well," said the prisoner, ap-
proaching to within the circle of light cast
around by the lantern.
"Hallo! that's you, Myneer Van
Baerle," said Gryphus. "That's you;
well, I declare, it's astonishing how peo-
ple do meet."

"Oh, yes, and it's really a great pleas-
ure to me, good Master Gryphus, to see
that your arm is doing well, as you are
able to hold your lantern with it."

Gryphus knitted his brow. "Now that's
just it," he said; "people always make
blunders in politics. His Highness has
granted you your life; I'm sure I should
never have done so."

"Don't say so," replied Cornelius; "why
not?"

"Because you are the very man to con-
spire against. You learned people have
dealings with the devil."

"Nonsense, Master Gryphus! Are you
dissatisfied with the manner in which I
have set your arm, or with the price that
I asked you?" said Cornelius, laughing.

"On the contrary," growled the jailer,
"you have set it only too well. There is
some witchcraft in this. After six weeks,
I was able to use it as if nothing had hap-
pened; so much so, that the doctor of the
Buitenhof, who knows his trade well,
wanted to break it again, to set it in the
regular way, and promised me that I
should have my blessed three months for
my money, before I should be able to
move it."

"And you did not want that?"
"I said, 'Nay, as long as I can make
the sign of the cross with that arm' (Gry-
phus was a Roman Catholic); I laugh at
the devil."

"But if you laugh at the devil, Master
Gryphus, you ought with so much more
reason to laugh at learned people."

"Ah, learned people, learned people.
Why I would rather have to guard ten
soldiers than one scholar. The soldiers
smoke, guzzle, and get drunk; they are as
gentle as lambs, if you only give them
brandy or Moselle; but scholars, and
drink, smoke and fiddle—ah, yes, that's
altogether different. They keep sober,
spend nothing, and have their heads al-
ways clear to make conspiracies. But I
tell you, at the very outset, it won't be
such an easy matter for you to conspire.

First of all, you will have no books, no
paper, and no conjuring book. It's books
that helped Myneer Grotius to get off."

"I assure you, Master Gryphus," re-
plied Van Baerle, "that if I have enter-
tained the idea of escaping, I most decid-
edly have it no longer."

"Well, well," said Gryphus, "just look
sharp; that's what I shall do also. But,
for all that, I say His Highness has
made a great mistake."

"Not to have cut off my head? thank
you, Master Gryphus."

"Just so, look whether the Myneers
De Witte don't keep very quiet now."

"That's very shocking what you say
now, Master Gryphus," cried Van Baerle
turning away his head to conceal his dis-
gust. "You forget that one of those un-
fortunate gentlemen was my friend, and
the other my second father."

"Yes, but I also remember that the
one, as well as the other, is a conspirator.
And, moreover, I am speaking from
Christian charity."

"Oh, indeed, explain that a little to me,
my good Master Gryphus, I do not quite
understand it."

"Well, then, if you had remained out
of the block of Master Harbruck—"

"What?"
"You would not suffer any longer;
whereas, I will not disguise it from you,
I shall lead you a sad life of it."

"Thank you for the promise, Master
Gryphus."

And whilst the prisoner smiled ironi-
cally at the old jailer, Rosa, from the
outside, answered by a bright smile, which
carried sweet consolation to the heart of
Van Baerle.

Gryphus stepped towards the window.
It was still light enough to see, al-

though indistinctly, through the grey
haze of the evening, the vast expanse of
the horizon.

"What view has one from here?" asked
Gryphus.

"Why, a very fine and pleasant one,"
said Cornelius, looking at Rosa.

Yes, yes, too much of a view, too
much.

And at this moment the two pigeons,
scared by the sight and especially by the
voice of the stranger, left their nest, and
disappeared, quite frightened, in the even-
ing mist.

"Hallo! what's this?" cried Gry-
phus.

"My pigeons," answered Cornelius.

"Your pigeons," cried the jailer, "your
pigeons! has a prisoner anything of his
own?"

"Why, then," said Cornelius, "the pig-
eons which a merciful Father in Heaven
has lent to me."

"So here we have a breach of the rules
already," replied Gryphus. "Pigeons! ah,
young man, young man; I'll tell you
one thing, that before to-morrow is over
your pigeons will boil in my pot."

"First of all you should catch them,"
Master Gryphus. You won't follow these
pigeons to be thine! well, I vow they are
even less yours than mine."

"Omitance is no acquittance," growled
the jailer, "and I shall certainly wing
their necks before twenty-four hours are
over; you may be sure of that."

Whilst giving utterance to this illna-
tured promise, Gryphus put his head out
of the window to examine the nest. This
gave Van Baerle time to run to the door,
and squeeze the hand of Rosa, who whis-
pered to him,—

"At nine o'clock this evening."

Gryphus, quite taken up with the de-
sire of catching the pigeons next day, as
he promised he would do, saw and heard
nothing of this short interlude; and after
having closed the window, he took the
key twice, drew the bolts, and went
off to make the same kind promise to the
other prisoners.

He had scarcely withdrawn, when Cor-
nelius went to the door to listen to the
sound of his footsteps, and as soon as
they had died away, he ran to the win-
dow, and completely demolished the nest
of the pigeons.

Rather than expose them to the tender-
mercies of his bullying jailer, he drove
away forever those gentle messengers, to
whom he owed the happiness of having
seen Rosa again.

This visit of the jailer, his brutal threats,
and the gloomy prospect of the harshness
with which, as he had before experienced,
Gryphus watched his prisoners,—all this
was unable to extinguish in Cornelius the
sweet thoughts, and especially the sweet
hope, which the presence of Rosa had re-
awakened in his heart.

He waited eagerly to hear the clock of
the tower of Lovestein strike nine.

The last chime was still vibrating
through the air, when Cornelius heard on
the staircase the light step, and the rustle
of the flowing dress of the fair Friar
maid, and, soon after, a light appeared at
the little grated window in the door, on
which the prisoner fixed his earnest gaze.

The shutter opened on the outside.
"Here I am," said Rosa, out of breath
from running up the stairs; "here I
am."

"Oh, my good Rosa!"
"You are then glad to see me?"

"Can you ask? But how did you con-
trive to get here? tell me."

"Now, listen to me. My father falls asleep
every evening, almost immediately after
his supper; I then make him lie down, a
little stupefied with his gin. Don't say
anything about it, because, thanks to this
nap, I shall be able to come every even-
ing and chat for an hour with you."

"Oh, I thank you, Rosa, dear Rosa."

Saying these words, Cornelius put his
face so near the little window, that Rosa
withdrew her.

"I have brought back to you your
bulls."

Cornelius heart leaped with joy. He
had not yet dared to ask Rosa what she
had done with the precious treasure
which he had entrusted to her.

"Oh, you have preserved them, then?"
"Did you not give them to me as a
thing which was dear to you?"

"Yes, but as I have given them to you,
it seems to me that they belong to you."

"They would have belonged to me after
death, but, fortunately, you are alive now!
Oh! how I blessed His Highness in my
heart. If God grants him all the happi-
ness I have wished him, certainly Prince
William will be the happiest man on
earth. When I looked at the Bible of
your grandfather Cornelius, I was resolved
to bring back to you your bulls, only I
did not know how to accomplish it. I
had, however, already formed the plan of
going to the Stadtholder, to ask for him,
for my father, the appointment of jailer
at Lovestein, when your housekeeper
brought me your letter. Oh! how we
wept together. But your letter only con-
firmed me the more in my resolution. I
then left for Leyden, and the rest you
know."

"What! my dear Rosa, you thought,
even before receiving my letter, of com-
ing to meet me again?"

"If I thought of it?" said Rosa, allow-
ing her lover to get the better of her bash-
fulness, "I thought of nothing else."

And, saying these words, Rosa looked
so exceedingly pretty, that for the second
time Cornelius placed his forehead and
lips against the wire-grating; of course,
we must presume with the laudable de-
sire to thank the young lady.

Rosa, however, drew back as before.

"In truth," she said, with that coquetry
which somehow or other is in the heart
of every young girl, "I hate often be-
ing sorry that I am not able to read, but
never so much so, as when your house-
keeper brought me your letter. I kept
the paper in my hands, which spoke to
other people, and which was dumb to
poor stupid me."

"So, you have often regretted not being
able to read," said Cornelius, "I should
just like to know on what occasions."

"Troth," she said, laughing, "to read
all the letters which were written to me."

"Oh, you received letters, Rosa?"
"By hundreds."

"But who wrote to you?"
"Whom? why, in the first place, all the
students who passed over the Buitenhof,
all the officers who went to parade, all the
clerks, and even the merchants who saw
me at my little window."

"And what did you do with all these
notes, dear Rosa?"

"Formerly," she answered, "I got
some friend to read them to me, which was
capital fun; but since a certain time
—well, what use is it to attend to all this
nonsense? since a certain time I have
burnt them."

"Since a certain time!" exclaimed Cor-
nelius, with a look beaming with love
and joy.

Rosa cast down her eyes, blushing.
In her sweet confusion she did not ob-
serve the lips of Cornelius, which, alas!
only met the cold wire grating. Yet, in
spite of this obstacle, they communicated
to the lips of the young girl the glowing
breath of the most tender kiss.

At this sudden outburst of tenderness,
Rosa grew as pale, and perhaps paler
than she had been on the day of the ex-
ecution. She uttered a plaintive sob,
closed her fine eyes, and fled, trying in
vain to still the beating of her heart.

And thus Cornelius was again alone.

Rosa had fled so precipitately, that
she completely forgot to return to Cor-
nelius the three bulbs of the Black
Tulip.

[Continued next week.]

Rapid Transit. (New York News.)

When George Stephenson first broached
to the world his idea of hauling carriages
by steam on a tramway, he was derided
as an impracticable visionary; and even
when he had, after battling manfully and
almost single-handed with overwhelming
discouragements, succeeded in enlisting
a sufficient amount of sympathy and ma-
terial aid to enable him to make a prac-
ticable experiment of his project, his warm-
est supporters started back incredulously
at the bold announcement that he would
take them along on the experiment trip
at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

One of them, an eminent barrister, besought
him not to talk of twelve miles an hour,
as it would kill the whole thing. No one
would believe it possible. He was told
that his old friends would desert him as a
lunatic if he did not modify his assertions
to seven miles. But he refused to make
the modification, and after everything
was got ready, he actually whisked the
party over the track at the rate of thirty-
five miles per hour. It was a greater
triumph than Stephenson had promised.

There was no longer any place for incred-
ulity, and to-day we see in every part of
the globe where civilization has penetra-
ted, the splendid results of this experi-
ment. There are still George Stephenson's
in the world, and men are still incred-
ulous. They move the limit of their faith
forward just as far as the evidence of their
senses goes. Generally, people do not
calculate beyond the capacity of material
endurance. And if power can be multi-
plied indefinitely, when used for propul-
sion, the rate of steam that may be ob-
tained as indefinite, or limited only by
the capacity of the material, of construc-
tion for endurance. The range of the ex-
pediency, too, is steadily widening. What
was once considered eminently perilous,
is now performed with perfect safety,
leaving out the results of culpable care-
lessness, or casualties from foreign causes.

Many would account the idea of making
the trip between New York and San
Francisco by rail in less than twenty-four
hours; yet it is possible, and some now
born into the world may live to see it ac-
complished. Those who are skeptical on
the subject would do well to visit the
rooms of Mr. Jesse Frye, M. E. No. 322
West Twenty-sixth street and see—not a
written theory, not a mere picture of un-
tried mechanical combinations, but a
working model, which illustrates a far
more advanced idea of rapid transit than
any that has been exhibited, on a scale
approaching what may be considered
sufficient for a demonstration. It is
called the "Endless Track, Counterbalan-
cing, Five-fold Speedy and Safety Rail-
road," with an endless connecting rolling-
gear or double or triple bearing wheels,

running on the rails, and the upper per-
ipheries of the larger bearings carrying
an endless connected platform or carrier.

It is proposed to have on this platform
passenger cars placed equidistant, every
quarter of a mile more or less, apart.

The principal can be better understood by
seeing the model and hearing the ex-
planation of the inventor, Mr. Frye. The
width of the track for regular business
purposes would be twenty-five inches, and
that the platform and cars but about
thirty-four inches. In running through
cities and towns, the railway will be en-
closed in a smoothly-concealed, fire
proof, perfectly ventilated compartment
or tunnel below the surface of the ground.

No detail description can be attempted here.
The model has been inspected by
eminent engineers and practical men who
were all uniformly amazed at this new
revelation of genius. A four-fold addi-
tional speed is given to the platform and
cars, to that of the rolling-gear and driv-
ing power, and from illustrations by the
model, there would seem to be no more
of an improbability in Mr. Frye's asser-
tion that he will carry an indefinite num-
ber of passengers and freight through
from San Francisco to New York

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10, 1875.

The hogs of Nelson county, not to be outdone by the horses, are luxuriating in the epizootic.

FALMOUTH wants a National Bank. Let her hold on a while. The Democratic party propose to wipe out those things in a year or two.

HON. HENRY S. BLAYDES, Mayor of Augusta, Ky., and a jovial, witty gentleman, died the other day. Another victim to the "flowing bowl."

The President has Cuba on the brain.—*Courier-Journal*
How can he help himself, he is so fond of Bourbon(s).

HARRISON county is killing bald eagles that measure six feet nine inches from tip to tip of their wings. That is better than killing dentists in the streets of their county-town.

"GOLD, in inexhaustible quantity has been discovered within ten miles of Atlanta Ga." This occurs down there every four or five years, but somehow or other that gold is never mined.

FOUR hundred and twenty bushels of Irish potatoes to the acre gives Mt. Sterling the right to demand that the capital of the State be removed in its direction.

GEORGE BABER has retired from the Bowling Green Democrat, and purchased the Lexington tri-weekly Dispatch, of which he took possession last Monday.

MR. JOHN L. PENTON, of Madisonville is a prospective candidate for Congressional honors. He owns a dog with two feet on one leg, an argument Hon. JOHN YOUNG BROWN will find hard to climb over.

JOYCE, the "loyalist" of St. Louis who attempted to "feather his nest" through crooked whisky, and is likely to land in the penitentiary, is a whilom resident of Montgomery county in this State.

WE prepared a statement of the result of the late election, but found, after it was too late to get it in, that it had been accidentally omitted. We regret this exceedingly. We will give our readers the exact result next week.

SMALL TALK, of the *Courier-Journal*, is bending all his energy to drive Dr. WHITE, a Tennessee editor, to adopt WESTER'S Unabridged as the only and correct authority for spelling the word "sachel." He threatens the Dr. with the ghost of the departed lexicographer in the next world.

TEXAS is still the loveliest of States. The other day, at Johnsonville, Captain KENDRICK disputed the word of a lighted tenant, named BLESSINGAME, about their crop, and now Capt. K. sleeps with his fathers, it requiring only three bullets to convert him into an angel or otherwise.

If the *Courier-Journal* is really honest in its war of reformation in Louisville, after it has routed the gambling houses of its city, it will turn its batteries on the fifteen hundred whisky dens of Louisville, each one of which ruins more youth, an hundred-fold than all the gambling holes combined.

AN exceedingly thin story comes from Oregon to the effect that General JOHN MORGAN, who was killed in a garden at Greenville, East Tennessee, in 1864, recently died in that State, where he had been living, under the assumed name of PENDLETON, for the last ten years.—It was the MORGAN the Masses murdered, probably. Our JOHN sleeps the sleep of the just in the beautiful cemetery at Lexington.

We call attention to the communication from Rev. W. B. Barnett, concerning the action of the Greenville District Conference held at Crook recently. He thinks that something, either intentional or unintentional, in our comments were intended as thrusts at the conference. If the information we had of the matter was correct, they certainly needed thrusting. We, however, stated that we might have been wrongly informed, and offered our columns to any of those concerned to correct any errors contained in our statement. Mr. B. informs us that Mr. H. was not arraigned for usurpation of pastoral authority in Mr. G's circuit. Well, the preamble read "Whereas one preacher has no pastoral right, &c." and "Whereas, the Rev. J. A. Humphrey has violated this right, &c." Which is correct, brother B. or the resolution? Brother Barnett says the District Convention had a perfect right to pass the resolution. Even admitting this, where was the necessity

when Brother G. had not complained and opposed the action of the Conference. The Circuit court of Ohio county has a right to render judgment, but not until the plaintiff has filed his declaration of complaint and made out his cause. We seriously doubt that the Conference had a right to interfere in the matter until Mr. Gardner made complaint, and we will need stronger proof to convince us than the bare assertion of Brother B.

Brother Barnett says we were wrong in stating that Mr. H. was not allowed to explain or say a word in his own defence.—We may be. We will leave Rev. Mr. Humphrey to answer that. We differ with Brother B., and do not think the remarks we made uncalled for; and if the information we had received, which had obtained general publicity, was false, it was an act of kindness to give the Conference a chance to publicly deny it. Brother B. fails to give a single good or sensible reason for the action of the conference, and we called upon some one to do this.

LETTER FROM AN EGYPTIAN.

MILLWOOD, KY., Nov. 9th
FRIEND MEHEMIT:—In my last I alluded to the host of professional men that have sprung up, and now, I must draw your attention to the hosts of nonprofessional bummers that swarm around every little town and village throughout this "Land of the free and home of the brave."

There is a despicable mud hole near where I reside named Caneyville, which for loafers, bummers, dead-beats and rum holes, cannot be beat this wide world over. This Caneyville would, in my estimation, make a splendid field of operation for about two dozen of those long laced missionaries that this pious people send annually to preach the glad tidings of salvation to us and other "heathen lands," as they absurdly term it. Caneyville, although an old village, has never been possessed of a Church, so that the inhabitants of that God-forsaken burg have entirely forgotten that there exists such a religion as Christianity. I heard a dweller over there ask, "Who is this Jesus Christ that there is so much talk about? and what did he do that they nailed him to the cross piece of timber?" But at last Caneyville is to have a Church, and the inhabitants are spreading on more airs over it than a Bahama rooster would over a common barnyard bantam.

Some time since, a writer signing himself "Tnomal" had the audacity to say a few words against the bad whisky, that is the only saleable article among those savages of Caneyville; when low and behold the great champion of rot-gut, mud holes and savagism—"Romeo Pinkstaff"—got his bristles up, and after killing an untold amount of English grammar, in an attempt to kill poor "Tnomal," and up hold all the mud and bad whisky of Caneyville at last subsided, and I believe he has since died from the effects of over exertion in the cause.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.
This "Romeo Pinkstaff" was the living genius of Caneyville in his day; and now that he has departed this life, some one should pay a tribute to his memory when gone.—He had talents of a fine order, as his "I'm Lonely Darling," a piece of moonshine doggerel rhyme, which no paper ever had the hardihood to publish, thus saving a suffering public another touch of crucifixion. He also bade fair to rival the famous "Josh Billings," as his essay on the "Tobacco Worm," published in the HARTFORD HERALD, testifies. But he is gone, and all the splendid talents that he possessed lie buried beneath the mud of his favorite Caneyville. Watered by the drops of rot-gut whisky that fall from the eyes of Caneyville's sons, his grave will remain forever a memorial of the love "John Barleycorn" cherishes for his life long worshippers and advocates; and in the distant future, when an old bummer gets strapped, and cannot raise his whiskey, a pilgrimage to the grave of the famous "Romeo Pinkstaff"—whose remains will be forever perfumed by the famous kill-em-quick of Caneyville—will be a sufficient substitute for the "horn" he had before so wishfully craved.

Thanks to my good friend "Juno," of Beaver Dam, for his suggestion, and I would advise him to steer clear of personalities in his more than interesting letters, which I hope to have the pleasure of looking over in the columns of "our mutual friend," the HERALD, for a long time.

Perhaps I have tired your patience by dwelling so long on Caneyville and her genius, but, believe me, friend Mehemit, I could not resist the temptation of paying a lasting tribute to the memory of "Romeo Pinkstaff." I will conclude by wishing Allah to preserve you, and remain yours,

ALI BEN HAMAD.

FROM SULPHUR SPRINGS.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, KY., Nov. 5.
EDITOR HERALD:—It was my lot today to witness the sad burial scene of Mrs. Charles Massie, sr. and daughter, who died from the effects of poison, the victims of some fiend, to whom the sweet and tearful face of mercy should become livid with eternal hate, and heaven's golden gates forever closed as he becomes an immortal outcast, and condemned to pass eternity in the lurid gloom of hell. Some three or four days ago the family of Mr. Charles Massie, sr., who lives in Fordville precinct, were suddenly taken ill, which was agreed by the attending physicians to be caused by poison, which in a few hours, despite all medical attention, caused the death of his son, who was buried yesterday evening; and the next day the wife and daughter, who died within five minutes of each other. The physicians discovered the water in the well of which the family used, was filled with the most deadly poison, either arsenic or strychnine, but how it came there is unknown, neither is any particular person suspected of putting it there. The rest of the family are in fair way to recover, Mr. Massie being able to sit up a little, but looking pale and emaciated, and as if he had but returned from the home of the dead. There is no doubt but the ruin was wrought by human hands, but who did the fiendish act will in all probability remain unknown until the day of all accounts. It was indeed a sad, sad scene to see an aged man sit by and see his life companion and children carried from him to their last resting place with no strength left to follow and see them lowered to the place of their last long repose.

Terrible indeed must be the thoughts of the murderer, as he knows his innocent victims are placed in their narrow homes. Wretched indeed must be his blood stained soul as he invokes the mantle of forgetfulness to fall upon him and blot out the crime, a crime that would forever blacken the character of a devil, or was ever a devil guilty of such savagery. He will only reap his reward when death allows perdition to clutch his helpless soul and punish it in eternal flames. BILL PERKINS.

FROM SPRING LICK.

SPRING LICK, KY., Nov. 8.
Messrs. Dean, Moorman and Lewis, of Breckinridge county, came over to our county last week for the purpose of engaging in a deer hunt. They made drives three days last week, and succeeded in killing one of these dear little creatures every day. Your correspondent was invited to participate with them in this delectable sport last Saturday, which invitation he accepted with pleasure. On arriving at their tent, which is about two miles north of this place, he found the gay party quite exultant over their success they had met with on Thursday and Friday, and in a short time we all sallied forth to the woods with guns on shoulders.

Your correspondent was directed to take his stand on a lofty peak, from the summit of which he could have an excellent view of the surrounding country, and could easily detect what the hunters were doing for a considerable distance. We listened with most profound attention for a considerable length of time for the barking of the hounds, but to no effect. Of course many thoughts revolved in our mind as to what we should do in the event a deer should come bounding toward us, at the rate of 2-40 per mile, so after thoroughly debating the matter in our mind it was finally worked up to the point that if we fired at the deer, and it was a horned one, and inflicted a dangerous wound, we would ascend a small sapling near by and call for help. Well, we waited and waited until patience almost ceased to be a virtue, and about the time we were almost persuaded to leave our stand, we heard the barking of hounds in the distance. Our hopes of course revived, and were frightened to the farthest extent when the fact became apparent that they were coming directly to us. We nervously pulled back the hammer of our gun, and made ready. Nearer and nearer they came, and when they got within about three hundred yards of us, bang, bang, went two guns in rapid succession, we then thought somebody had interposed between us and the delight which we had anticipated would be ours, but this thought was soon removed when we looked in the direction from whence proceeded the reports of these two guns, and behold a rousing big buck making ether real flights toward us. We new encircled ourself behind a colossal oak, and in the twinkling of an eye as it were, the deer was coming slow up behind the tree from us, and we jumped as quick as thought from behind the tree, and endeavored to shoot, and while making the attempt, the deer

ran by us, hitting the muzzle of the gun with such tremendous momentum that we fell backward down a precipice, gun in hand. The fall was so far and so great, that we were insensible for a while, but imagine our indignation, if you please, when we came to our senses, and found our gun was broken off at the breech, and the deer and dogs could be heard no more. Well, we gathered up the fragments of our gun, and went immediately and straightway to our home, and our business has been such ever since as to prevent us accepting another invitation to join in another deer hunt. The adventure narrated above places us in a condition whereby we can now sincerely sympathize with our friend John S. Carter, who, a few days before my experience in deer hunting, shot a skunk while on a stand, and thinking it was a curiosity picked it up and started with the animal for home, but after inhaling a goodly quantity of the odor peculiar with such animals, he concluded he had better leave it. When he returned home and began telling his kind and affectionate wife about his adventure with this odoriferous animal, she complacently advised him to occupy the room up stairs while she would occupy the one down stairs, since which it is enough to say that Mr. Carter has been very busy attending to the business about his farm. The last news we have had from him he was singing, "I am lonely to-night here without you." R.

FROM DAVIESS COUNTY.

YELVINGTON, KY., Nov. 4.
EDITOR HERALD:—I have been without your good paper three or four weeks, and I cannot do without it any longer; so enclosed please find the money for the *Herald*. I ought not to have let my subscription run out before renewing, but you know we are prone to do evil.

Cholera is raging to a fearful extent in this (the North-eastern part) of Daviess county, and many of the farmers are slaughtering their hogs for fear of losing all.

Corn crops are proving to be better than was expected last summer. Tobacco is light, yet it is of a fine quality. Some fine crops have been sold at from \$8 to \$10 per 100 lbs. The rain last Wednesday night will be an advantage to the growing wheat. The Good Templars of Daviess county will hold a convention at Chestnut Grove Baptist Church on the 5th and 6th of this month. Mr. Geo. W. Bain is announced to be present on the occasion, and deliver one or two of his master lectures. Upon the whole, a grand time is anticipated. H. C. T.

News from All Points.

Irish potatoes are plenty at Owensboro at thirty and thirty-five cents per bushel. They are trying to acclimate the Florida cedar tree in Germany, as it is the only wood suitable for the manufacture of lead pencils.

The population of Ireland is now 5,412,377, showing a loss in ten years of 1,685,386, mostly by emigration to the United States.

The Irish citizens of St. Louis are thinking of erecting a monument to O'Connell in that city.

The value of the estate of the late ex-President Johnson proves to be \$175,000. Macadamized roads have been for centuries in use in China.

The Bible has been discarded from the public schools of Chicago by the board of education; there being but one dissenting vote.

Mr. R. L. Thompson, of Clark county, has a hairless cat.—*Georgetown Times*.

We have always believed that Ohio could beat the world. Our friend, Mr. Y. S. Brotherton, has two calves, perfectly free from the least conception of hair—white, and so near alike that it is almost impossible to distinguish them apart.

The paw-paw season is over.—*Mayville Bulletin*. Over where; in Ohio? Now, "Sheer," don't! It is sad to call up the retrospective scenes of life. Years and years ago—so long since that the oldest maiden of the "Seven Acre City" remembereth not—those paw-paw bushes have shaded the classic rocks of Slickaway's hills, and yet, in thy selfishness, hast thou kept the secret, and feasted and grown fat on the lusciousness of the groves. Thy food was cheap, and greenbacks blessed thy pockets with their presence, and silver has been showered upon thy head by the lavished hand Time; but, alas, thy heart has been filled to overflowing with thy paw-paw secret, and the love of women findeth not room wherein to enter. 'Tis not good to live alone in thy old age, as many accidents occur in midnight perambulations, and thou hast no heir-presumptive to squander the savings of all those weary years of paw-paw seasons. Take thou then a lesson from thy friend, the "Major," and go and do thou likewise, and thou wilt lack not the music of children's voices in the hour of thy departure for the land where paw-paw seasons never end.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, James Peters, November 3rd, by Rev. James Stewart, Mr. S. L. Taylor to Miss Mary E. Peters—all of this county.

THE CROW HOUSE.

Opposite the Courthouse, HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHN, Proprietor.

Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaughn will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & Southwestern Railroad. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK.

—WITH—

GARDNER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,

No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John P. Barrett, Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.



SETH THOMAS

CLOCKS.

If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks recently packed and sent to us address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

J. P. BARNES & BRO.,

Jewellers, Main st., bet. 6th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.

FIRST

New Goods

OF THE

SEASON,

WM. H. WILLIAMS,

HARTFORD, KY.

Takes pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county that he is

Receiving Daily,

THE LATEST NOVELTIES

IN

DRY GOODS,

Gents' and Boys' Clothing,

Hats, Caps,

BOOTS & SHOES,

Hardware, Queensware.

Staple and

FANCY GROCERIES,

Also dealer in

Leaf Tobacco,

I will sell very low for cash, or exchange for all kinds of country produce. My motto is "Quick sales and small profits." not ly

MASTER COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

James H. Taylor's Adm'r., plff., vs. Equity.

James H. Taylor's heirs, dfts.

All persons having claims against the estate of James H. Taylor, deceased, are requested to produce the same, properly proven to the undersigned, Master Commissioner of the Ohio Circuit Court, at his office in Hartford Ky., on or before the 15th day of October next, or they will be forever barred.

E. R. MURRELL, M.C.C.C.

July 14, 1875. 28m3m

MENDEL & KAHN,

CROMWELL, KY.

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

Boots & Shoes,

And everything usually kept in well-regulated mercantile establishments. They buy their goods for CASH and get them at BOTTOM PRICES, hence they are enabled, by doing an

EXCLUSIVELY CASH

business, to undersell any house in Ohio county

will take this occasion to notify the farmers of Ohio and Butler counties, that they are large and constant buyers of

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

of all descriptions, for which they pay the very highest market prices. They also do the largest

TOBACCO

purchasing business in the county, always paying higher prices, IN CASH, than anybody else. They ask a share of public patronage.

n33-4m

W. H. HARDWICK, A. T. NALL.

HARDWICK & NALL,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARTFORD MALE

AND

FEMALE SEMINARY.

—(c)—

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the

First Monday in September, 1875,

and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of

MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A. B.,

aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION:

Primary . . . \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00

Junior . . . 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00

Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1.

Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned.

n33-1w SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

Reference:—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis, Hartford, Ky.

STAVES.

500,000

WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

wanted. For further information address

DORSEY, HENRY & CO.,

14 and Delaware,

Louisville, Ky.

Reference:—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis, Hartford, Ky.

RUFER'S HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GERMAN, } Proprietors.

AMERICA WEDGON, } n33-3m

JUST FROM THE EAST!

E. SMALL

with his mammoth stock of Fall and Winter

goods, consisting in part of

DRY GOODS

Men & Boys Clothing!

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, BLANKETS,

COMFORTS, and LADIES' FURS.

Also the largest assortment of

FINE DRESS GOODS

Ever brought to this market, all of which

he offers at lower prices than ever before.

Millinery Goods!

of every description are always kept on

hand.

N. B.—The very highest market

price will be paid for furs, hides

dried fruit, furs &c.

\$15

Dr. A. G. WATSON

WATSON, in 2 oz. coin silver

hunting case. Send for our

new illustrated Price List,

Gold Pens, Spectacles, Jewels,

and all the latest novelties.

Articles warranted. Goods sent by express, freight prepaid.

THE HERALD.
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.
—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, in advance.

Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers for the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited; except those of saloon keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.

All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.

Communications in regard to advertising and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.
Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. J. H. Hays, Attorney, Elizabethtown.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
M. L. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wine, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
G. Smith Pittsford, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.
Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice, held March 5, June 17, September 4, December 18.
E. F. Tifford, Justice, held March 18, June 4, September 18, December 4.

Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2, December 16.
D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.

Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Rander, Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30, December 13.
T. S. Bennett, Justice, held March 16, June 29, September 14, December 30.

Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27.
S. W. Woodruff, Justice, held March 21, June 18, September 25, December 11.

Fairville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22.
J. L. Burton, Justice, held March 20, June 7, September 22, December 8.

Ellis District, No. 6.—S. McElroy, Justice, held March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23.
Jas. Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 8, September 23, December 9.

Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper, Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 14, December 28.
A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 25, June 11, September 28, December 13.

Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, held March 27, June 16, September 29, December 17.
Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17, June 30, September 17, December 31.

Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen, Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, December 26.
Jno. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26, June 14, September 14, December 14.

Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G. Wedding, Justice, held March 10, June 5, September 21, December 7.
Jno. A. Bennett, Justice, held March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.

Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins, Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10, December 24.
J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 22, June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.
Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Coralva—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

Particular Notice.
All persons indebted to this office, will please call and pay up, as we are in urgent need of some money. We cannot run a newspaper without money, and hence we are under the necessity of collecting as fast as amounts fall due.

Special Notice
We have erased from our subscription list the names of all subscribers whose time has expired. We hope they will all renew.

We will send THE HERALD from now until the 1st of January next to any address for 25 cents.

Address, enclosing the money, with name, post-office address, county and State, legibly written.

Jno. P. Barrett & Co., Publishers, Hartford, Ky.

A Splendid Investment.
We will send the Farmers' Home Journal, price \$2.00 per year, and THE HARTFORD HERALD, price \$2.00 per year, to the same address for the small sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the money and get both papers.

We are now prepared to furnish officers with all kinds of blanks, and at prices as low as you can buy them in the cities.

Circuit court.

Big crowd in town Monday.

Circuit court commenced Monday.

Clothing at New York prices at E. Small's.

The boys play "stick-it-to-him" at the school house.

Read the communications on the outside.

Wild turkeys are tolerably plentiful around this place.

Judge Stuart arrived Monday morning, and proceeded immediately with business.

A larger crowd assembled in town Monday than we have seen for some time.

Thirteen wild turkeys have been killed within the last few days by the young Nimrods.

A splendid line in boots and shoes, to suit the old and young, very cheap, at E. Small's.

The Monitor says an occasional Louisville gambler can be seen floating around in Owensboro.

The new telegraph line from Owensboro is complete. Owensboro is now in telegraph connection with all the principal cities in the world.

E. Small has just returned with a new and choice stock of goods of every description. Call and examine them. All are sold cheaper than ever before.

At a call meeting of the County court Monday, it was decided that the jail should be built upon the first site selected, and now what are you going to do about it?

Where did I get my new Overcoat? Why, at J. Winter & Co., Louisville; it is not a splendid coat? and I got it cheap too! When you want anything in the clothing line, there is the place to go.

Judge Townsend brought us some very large corn the other day, which he grew upon his home farm in the edge of town, averaging a pound and one-third to the ear. The Judge thinks the field will average 70 ears to the bushel.

During the storm one night last week, Mr. Newcomb, a resident of Buck Horn, had forty-odd turkeys roosting in a tree, when a strong wind suddenly twisted the top from the body, and turkeys and all came to the ground, and but one turkey was in the least injured.

We are in receipt of a beautiful piece of music bearing the title of "Kitty Dear." It is an Irish ballad, words and music by Charles R. DeKress, and published by that well known and popular music dealer, D. P. Faulds, No. 100, Main street, Louisville. When wanting music, send him your orders.

For a First-Class Suit.
Go to a first-class house.—J. Winter & Co., Louisville, manufacture their own clothing, warrant it to be of a superior quality, and sell at a lower price than any house in the city.

Mr. W. T. King, U. S. Collector, has been making heavy "raids" upon the cigar dealers of this and other places for the last few days. The manufacturers have been failing to comply with the law in the way of stamping and cancellation.

Notice.
The firm of Ford & Wells is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to them or having claims against them are earnestly requested to come forward and settle at once, as their business must be settled up as soon as possible. Persons indebted to them will save cost by coming forward at once and heeding this notice, as they mean business.

Nov. 6, 1875.

To all Whom it may Concern
My Dear Friends,

I have been indulgent for four years—I ask you now to come forward and settle your accounts. I cannot supply medicines for the sick, furnish my family with the necessities of life, and pay my debts without money. Hoping you will answer my first and last call, I remain, Yours,

T. J. PREIFER

A family of ordinary size in Hartford, generally employ but one cook, but we have a family here now of only five members who keep four cooks all the time. Although the preachers have almost forsaken Hartford, by reason of the scanty support they receive, our readers will be astonished to learn that the head and support of this apparently extravagant family is an itinerant preacher, and in addition to the four cooks, the family keep a Taylor employed, also.

A gentleman from Beaver Dam was in attendance at court at this place yesterday, and dined at the Crow House. A dish of cod-fish balls was handed to him, and he partook heartily, thinking it to be fried potatoes. As he nudged the gentleman nearest to him, we heard him say: "I always was fond of potatoes, but I'll be cursed if I can go 'em fried in such loud lard."

A couple of Italian boys with violin and harp were the attraction Monday night. They were playing in the public room at the Hartford House, and had attracted a large crowd, several of whom had never seen a harp. Just as the bow had ceased sending sweet strains through the air, and the crowd was quietly waiting to hear the little fellow break loose on another tune, a rough looking customer, we think, he was from "Texas," yelled out: "Does anybody know what that thing is he claws?"

Marriage Licenses.
The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since our last report:

Win. E. Hinton and Miss America F. Henry.

John W. Taylor and Miss Fannie M. Bennett.

Squire L. Taylor and Miss Mary E. Peters.

COLORED.
Sylvester Lindley and Alice Read.

Transfers of Real Estate.
The following transfers of real estate have been lodged for record since our last report, viz:

M. V. Campbell, to Avena Campbell, lot in Rockport, \$380.

M. V. Campbell to Avena A. Campbell, house and lot in Rockport, \$280.

A Quarrel Among Preachers.
A protracted meeting has been going on for some time at Screaming Hill church in the upper part of this county, conducted by Rev. Mr. Crenshaw, of the Methodist persuasion. One night last week Mr. James Keown, a minister of the denomination better known as Campbellites. After the sermon, several penitents took their places at the "anxious seat," and Bro. C. called on Bro. K. to pray for them if he felt like it. He responded, saying he did not so feel. Bro. C. thanked him, and then conducted prayer himself. After the meeting adjourned, Bro. K. invited Bro. C. to go home with him "if he felt like it," but Bro. C. did not feel that way, and remarked that he would not go with any such man, and Bro. K. was lying to him when he said he wanted him to go.

We attended divine services at a country church the other day, and overheard a very laughable conversation between two ladies. It was but a short time after the minister had announced his text, when a very stylish young lady entered the house and seated herself immediately in front of us. She wore a genuine pin-back. She screwed and twisted around, as if suffering intense pain, until she attracted the attention of an old lady who sat on the same bench. Her peculiar maneuvers made the impression on the old lady that she must be suffering from the same painful disease that Job bore with such patience, and our attention was attracted by seeing the old madame slide along until she came within whispering distance of this dashing young belle, when we heard her remark:

"Is't a bile or kernel? Bile I s'pose; I've had 'em there myself." Just at this moment a boy upon the outside yelled out "Runaway!" and we didn't stay to see whether she fainted or not.

Served Him Right.
A gay widower, somewhere on the shady side of forty, living in an adjoining county close on the borders of this county, in the direction of the beautiful banks of the "Ohio," propounded to a buxom young widow to meet him in a pleasant wood near by, at a certain time, whether for the purpose of holding sweet communion, and pouring forth their hearts in prayer to Him who doeth all things well, or what, (probably the latter), our informant did not say. After some little hesitancy, the young widow consented. It seemed that she anticipated the kind of devotion the gay chap proposed to offer, so she acquainted six of her female friends of the proposed meeting, and had them go with her and conceal themselves until their services would be needed. The widower was on the spot in due time, and seeing the widow there he thought all was right and he was more emboldened than ever, and at once made improper proposals to her. She at once lit into him, and the other six ran to her assistance, and now that widower has to take his meals standing, and lie on his side at night. It is said that school-masters have to import the birchen rod from other parts of the country, as sprouts are amazingly scarce just now. Better behave, old fellow, or we'll give names next time.

A Whole Family Poisoned.
Again we are called upon to record a horrible crime, that of the poisoning of the family of Charles W. Massie, a resident of Fordsville, a small village in the north end of the county, which happened on Thursday of last week. On the above named day, the entire family were suddenly taken sick, and the family physician was at once summoned, who pronounced their illness that of being poisoned. This at first seemed unreasonable, as the members of the family had not previously been sick, and could not have taken a wrong medicine. The patients began growing gradually worse, which resulted in the death of the eldest son that evening, and on the day following the wife and daughter of Mr. Massie closed their eyes in death. Then came a mystery to be explained, and that was as to how the accident had happened. The bewildered ones were soon enlightened, and the case is now clear to the minds of the people. Some one in passing the well of which the family had been using water, discovered that the surface was covered with a white substance which was supposed to be that of strychnine or arsenic; and had been deposited in the water by the hand of a fiend. When the sad news reached us Mr. Massie himself was so seriously ill as to be unable to follow the dead ones to their last resting place, but there are slight hopes of his recovery. The death of the wife and daughter were in the short space of an hour. Mr. Massie is a much respected farmer of that place, and the loss of his family is much regretted by the entire community. The guilty one is yet unknown, but it is the desire of all that he may soon be brought to justice and receive the punishment that he deserves.

FROM CENTERTOWN.
CENTERTOWN, Nov. 6th 1875.

EDITOR HERALD:—The people in this community are driving along pretty much as usual. We have had our share of sickness, but has been abating for some time, and the health of the people is now tolerably good. There are a few, however, who hold on to the chills as persistently as if they belonged to the Shaker persuasion.

It seems that the hard times have commenced a steady retreating movement, leaving us in more buoyant hopes than we have enjoyed for some time. I do not mean that we have plenty of money, for this is not the case; but the buoyancy of spirit is attributable to the fact that in spite of our gloomy prospects during the wet summer months and the whisper of coming starvation that was then raised by some who habitually direct their eyes to the darker side of a picture, we have made a pretty good crop after all. According to present prospects, as your correspondent sees them, our bill of fare will not fall below what it has been for several years. Perhaps the nearest approach to a scarcity will be in the item of pork, for we have fewer hogs than usual, but no one seems to be alarmed about it. I suppose that in case of a pinch we could adopt the practice—if not the faith—of the Jews, until we could raise more hogs.

As regards food for stock, there will be a scarcity of hay, but we have plenty of cut-up corn to supply the deficiency. We have a tolerably good crop of tobacco in regard to both quantity and quality. To sum up our prospects in a few words, we can find sustenance for our bodies in the products of our garden truck-patches and grain fields, and have enough "tobacco money" to get a new suit of clothes in the spring. How happy we shall be then! I will tell you about it when the time rolls round.

At present our most serious trouble is the "epizootic" among our horses. A great many of them have the disease, but how much damage may ensue can not now be told.

The Baptists held a centennial meeting at West Providence last Sunday. A good many could not gain entrance to the church on account of the immense crowd. Dinner in abundance was brought on the ground, and the day was passed pleasantly and profitably. Addresses were delivered by Elders D. J. K. Maddox and J. T. Casebier, in which was discussed some interesting points of Baptist history and Baptist principles. A protracted meeting of some interest conducted by Rev. Crabtree, at Green River Union, closed this week. It is thought that the Methodists will hold a protracted meeting at this place immediately after the quarterly meeting, which embraces the third Sunday in this month.

LELAND.
We have missed getting our Louisville papers three times in the last week, until they were two days old. Why is this?

FROM LOUISVILLE.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 8.

EDITOR HERALD:—I have not written for two weeks, (I mention this for fear your readers have not missed me,) but I see your numerous tattlers at other points are punctual; Ali Ben Hamad talking of the manners and customs of the people; "R." of Spring Lick, tells us about the "Even tenor of our way," Cromwell is serene, and lovely we learn from Juno than Col. Doom has moved his bed in "thoother room, and the operator carries a mirror in his pocket, but he don't tell us which pocket.

Since my last but little of interest has transpired in the city. The Grand Lodges of Masons and Odd-Fellows have met, transacted their annual business and returned to their homes. The Masonic Lodge recommended the following plan for raising funds to rebuild and complete the Home which was injured by a storm last spring: That the Board of Directors of the Home issue their bonds to the amount of \$100,000 in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, due thirty years after date, but redeemable after five years with pleasure. That these bonds bear seven per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually. That an amendment of the charter of the Grand Lodge be obtained empowering it to endorse the bonds of the Home to that amount, and to assume the payment of principal and interest. In order to meet the payment of the interest on said bonds, it was resolved that an additional fifty cents be paid to the Grand Lodge, on each member of subordinate lodges, (except ministers of the Gospel), at the same time and in the same manner as the regular dues. This plan to be submitted to the lodges in the State for their ratification, a majority of the lodges ruling. This is a matter of interest to every Mason in the State, and they will doubtless say as one man, "Let us build the Home." I know there is a prejudice existing in the minds of some against the Home, because they think it is a Louisville institution, and that the brethren throughout are paying for it while Louisville reaps the benefits, but such is not the case, but quite the reverse, as the Masons of this city have given freely of their means, furnishing the ground and the greater part of the money, while the Home is largely filled with beneficiaries from the country. Your own county of Ohio has five beneficiaries in the Home, and I believe the brethren of the county will stand by the Home now as they have in the past.

The squabble for the Mayorality is still disgusting everybody but the bummers, and another month will we have to bear with the noise of cannon, and the shout of drunken rabble on the corners where they assemble nightly to hear the slang of petty ward politicians, praising his employer and blackguarding his opponent. There is no knowing how much money is being spent, we can only tell who spent most by the number of his votes. I do not believe that any man is elected to any office in Louisville except by bribery and corruption. This is a broad assertion, but I do not believe any one who has any regard for truth will gainsay it. After the election, we will have some time to devote to the Beecher business, bad as it is, we all like it, and it's the first thing we look for in the dispatches. If B—is guilty, as charged by sister Moulton, it would have been better for him if he had remembered the command in fifth chapter of Matthew, where, in regard to adultery, it says: "And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee, &c., and then follow the example set by a worthy citizen of Ohio county, several years ago. This would have shown a truly penitent disposition of guilt, which I do not believe him to be. But I think from all the evidence that T. T. might have followed this same example to the benefit of himself and others.

Next Tuesday night American Synemes will lecture on his theory of the earth being hollow, and habitable within as without. I will try and hear him, and if convinced that his theory is a correct one, our people will likely arrange to spend the winter months inside hereafter. I will tell you about it in my next, provided I can borrow a half dollar. CROXEN.

NO CREEK CONFERENCE.
Letter From the Secretary.
MR. JOHN P. BARRETT, EDITOR HARTFORD HERALD, DEAR SIR:—I have just been handed a copy of your paper of the 3rd of November, in which I find a copy of a preamble and resolutions, with an editorial comment thereon, which was adopted by the Greenville District Conference in its recent session, held at No creek, regarding pastoral jurisdiction, &c. As some things contained in your editorial comment on said resolution I re-

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THE HERALD.



AGRICULTURAL.

The Benefits of Fall Ploughing.

That the ploughing of heavy soils in the fall is attended with excellent results is generally admitted. That any benefit accrues to a soil of lighter texture, is questioned by many agriculturists, with whom we do not altogether agree. All admit that the tenacious character of a clay soil is reduced, and its texture opened and rendered less compact by the operation of frost. The lumps fall apart, and are disintegrated by the mechanical effect of the expansion in the act of freezing of the water held between the particles. The field, which at the commencement of winter exhibited only a surface of shapeless clods, in the spring is seen to have been brought into a condition of mellowness which no amount of plowing or harrowing could have effected. But is this the full effect of the forces of nature, which operate in small things as perfectly as in greater? The power which has forced asunder the clods, and reduced them to fragments, has also had an effect upon those fragments themselves, and has reduced them to particles so small that the solubility of the soil has been increased. Thus another effect besides a mechanical one has been produced; or rather the operation of mechanical force has brought about conditions under which chemical action can more readily take place. Now, can we believe that this result only occurs in the case of clay soil? If this should be so then, as there is a variety of such soils the effect must be proportioned to the nature of the soil. If a clay soil is benefited is not also a clay loam? And if a clay loam why not a sandy? If the particles of a clay soil are rendered more soluble by this exposure to the frosts of winter, and those particles are mainly alumina and silica, how can other soil altogether escape similar effects, when only the proportion in which these constituents are combined are changed. But we are told that clay soils are abhorrent, while more silicious soils are more or less leachy, and part with their fertile properties by the percolation of water through them. Then, if this were true, a light or sandy soil would in course of time be washed free from all fertilizing properties. But this is not the case with these soils. They can be improved by the addition of manure until their characters are changed; the added color and other qualities are not washed away. If this idea of leachiness, then, is unfounded, no harm, but only benefit, can result from ploughing such soils in the fall. They will experience as much improvement in one sense as a heavier clay soil. The reduction of hard lumps is not necessary, for these soils are naturally mellow, but an increased solubility will have been gained. But one other benefit must not be forgotten here, which is that deeper ploughing is permissible in the fall, and six months' exposure to the sudden changes from frost to thaw will bring the hitherto unused soil into condition for assisting to bear crops. We do not advise the ploughing of soil at this season, at least for a corn crop. This should be postponed until the last possible day in the spring consistent with having the ground prepared in time. But for roots or oats, or other spring crops than corn, we would plough now and manure through the winter, when a mellow and rich soil some inches in depth will be ready to be stirred again in the spring; and this we would do irrespective of the quality of the soil, whether it be clay or a light loam. Potatoes planted in a gravelly loam thus prepared have with us given double the yield of those in ground not so treated. Oats, too, have been benefited greatly, but the result with corn was unfavorable, mainly, we believe, on account of the greater development of weeds, which prevented the crop from being kept clean.

We have not adverted the economy of time resulting from having the ground ploughed before winter and ready for a second ploughing early in the spring; but this is a point worthy of attainment under any circumstances. Farm operations depend very much for their success on "taking time by the forelock," and keeping work well pushed forward; and to have all the stubbles ploughed before winter sets in, must be a comfort to any farmer.—*American Agriculturist.*

Oiling Harness.

A good harness is costly, but if properly used and cared for will last a good many years. If neglected it will soon need repairs, and in a short time be a mere utterly worthless. In caring for

a harness one great point is to see that it is suitably oiled. A work harness, in use on a farm, should be oiled twice a year, in the spring and fall. It should be taken entirely apart; the places where sweat and dirt have collected cleaned with a chip or an old case-knife, then washed clean in warm water, in which a little Castile soap has been dissolved. As they are washed the straps should be hung on a pole to dry.

When the outside is nearly dry, but before the moisture is all out of the leather, the oil should be applied. This may be done with a clean paint brush, which is the best thing for the purpose, a sponge or woolen cloth. A moderate quantity should be used, and if it does not soften the leather enough, another light coating may be applied when the first one is well dried in. This is better than it is to put on a great deal at once.

Care should be taken to obtain a good quality of oil. Neat's foot is the very best kind of oil for leather. There are some patent preparations in which a water-proof ingredient is added to the oil, and also a little coloring substance to make the leather look black and glossy. An honest mixture of this kind is better than crude oil. Cheap oils are generally poor. When dry, the harness should be rubbed with Castile soap, then with a dry woolen cloth. When this is done, it may be put together and used. This work should not be neglected until the hurry of plowing and hoeing time, but should receive attention now.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Sheep as Enrichers.

H. G. Abbott writes to the *German-town Telegraph*: In 1865 I had a field of ten acres that had been mowed some ten years in succession without a particle of dressing put upon it, the grass had completely died out, and nothing was to be seen but white weed and yellow weed, or butter-cup and ox-eyed daisy. The soil was a clayey loam containing a little to the south and west, was in the smoothest possible condition, without a stump or stone, and bordering upon a stream of water. In the spring of the same year I put upon this field of ten acres forty one-year old sheep without lambs. These sheep kept everything down as smooth as a barn floor. The next year I put on the same number and kept them on until the time to come to the barn. They were not taken from the field at any time during the season, neither did they have any grain of any kind, but were in splendid condition. They were grade Merinos.

In the spring of 1867 I noticed that the field looked green the last of April and the first of May, so much so that in consulting with my neighbors I was induced to keep off from it and let it come up to grass for the scythe. The field in the meantime had been sowed over with a light dressing of plaster, about one bushel to the acre, and a small quantity of grass seed, timothy and red top. Nothing else had been done to the field in any shape up to the present time.

Now for the result. The first year after taking the sheep off I had the greatest yield of grass that I ever had from any of my fields under other treatment, and of the best quality, a mixture of timothy, red top, white clover and some grass that I cannot name. Hardly a head of white weed was seen on the field.

But what is the most remarkable to me and my neighbors is, that the field has continued to produce bountifully up to the present time, which is eight years since the sheep were taken off; and to-day (August 24) the field is tented thick with bunches of the very best hay, averaging over one ton to the acre. I have since sold the field to one of my friends, and asked him if he expected to get another crop from the field without dressing it again. His reply was, "Yes, I expect to get several more."

Grass and Grass Seed.

Worthy Master and Patrons—A large area of our lands has for some years been in grass, and each year a great addition is made to that area; so that we are not only in the "Blue Grass region," but our interest, as Farmers and Grangers, in the sowing and raising of the best kind of grasses, is deeply involved; and it may be that a short time spent in reviewing this branch of farming will not prove in vain.

To the casual observer—knowing nothing about the way in which the seed is procured; the manner in which it is sown, the profit resulting therefrom, and the cost in labor and money involved—this subject may not be uninteresting.

Since the formation of this Grange, it has been our privilege as members to discuss some important questions bearing on methods of farming, fencing, rearing and reaping, and the amount of money we annually pay out of the hardly earned proceeds for that which

is of no profit. One of those expenditures, and which crops out in huge dimensions, is the yearly purchase of grass seeds. As Kentuckians we are reproached for every thing—even to axe, hoe and broom handles! The lack of suitable timber and convenient tools, may furnish an excuse in those items. But as Grangers, with "Reform" as our motto—possessing lands that have all the essential qualities to produce as good grass as the sun ever shines upon, with generally good seasons for maturing the seed, and more than enough, if secured, to supply our demand, it is a subject for our serious consideration. Is it not a mistake to neglect to gather and secure, from our own lands, the grass seeds we need? and does not that mistake cause an unnecessary expenditure of money? If so, let the mistake be acknowledged; and let us practice what we are preaching. If we neglect to gather the abundance of seed that a kind Providence places within our reach, (as was the case all around us last season), and in the spring discover that the timothy had dried up in the drouth, and the clover frozen out,—we are aroused to a sense of our wants, and realize the truth of the adage: "a will waste make a woeful want."

I would remark, that there is no field from which seed can be taken, but enough will remain to supply any deficiency in the set; consequently the seed wasted last year, where none was needed, had it been gathered by us, would have resulted in a clear gain, in seed and money saved, and also enabled us to have sown at any time we desired. We all know, that when seed has to be purchased in the spring, it is frequently difficult to raise the necessary funds; and that often the grocery bills have to be curtailed, and some desirable things—including, perhaps, your county, or agricultural paper—dispensed with, in order that you may have the cash to buy seed to re-sow your fields.

That is the way the seeds are very often procured. And now, as to the manner in which it is sown.

After much delay you obtain the seed; you know not where it came from; how it was preserved through the winter; whether or not it heated in the chaff; or was even ripe when gathered. The rye or wheat fields on which it is to be sown are hard and smooth, and the winds help you to scatter the seed; depositing the heavy in one place, and the light in another,—the clover here; the timothy there. Much of it falls to find an entrance in the soil, and a quick shower leaves it in bunches; and you discover, when too late, that some of it is too thick to grow, and a part of the best lands producing nothing but weeds. In short you have "sown to the winds."

What is the profit resulting therefrom? To sow sparingly and expect a large yield; to think that your fields will be refreshed, the soil deepened and invigorated by the fertilizing effects of such croppings; and that it now is in a condition to cultivate in corn as a regular rotation of crops, is expecting more than ever was promised to mortal man. To foot up the profits; the seed cost double its first value; the crop of hay not over second class; and the land full of thistles, wild carrot, and other weeds, bought with the seed. The dry summer may kill the timothy; the winter destroy the clover, but not so with the weeds—they came to stay! So verily, you have literally "reaped the whirlwind."

Now, let us consider the cost in labor and money. It is just as true in sowing grass seed, as in any other part of the farm operations, that "what is not worth doing well, is not worth doing any way." The same time is consumed in a half preparation of the ground and seed sowing, as would be taken to put it in well with the drill, and the seed would be covered at once. The reason why more blue grass seed is not saved in this section is, that we graze our pastures too much, for the grass to mature good seed. The same is true, but to a less extent, of clover and timothy, and they are cut for hay, regardless of seed. In this connection, I would suggest to those who desire to raise good seed—either blue-grass or timothy—to set apart several acres of good fresh upland; divest it of everything but the grass it is desired to grow; and let no stock be put on it. At harvest, the abundant yield of seed will demonstrate the wisdom of the procedure. In sowing fields intended for grazing, I would sow equal parts of blue grass, timothy and clover, for hay equal parts of timothy and clover. The timothy will not only protect the clover in winter, but keep it from falling in summer.

Very few farmers have any conception of the amount of money now paid out annually, in this county, for grass seeds. For many years, it only required a few sacks of seeds—procured mostly from our farmers, and sold by two dry goods merchants in town—to

supply the demand. Now there are in Shelbyville two seed stores; the proprietors of which are gentlemen fully alive to the interests of their friends. They inform us that, under the head of "Seeds," they sold last spring nearly \$7,000 worth! They tell us, that they prefer purchasing the seeds grown in the county, and thus keep the money at home. From reliable sources of information on the subject, we are satisfied that the annual outlay of seeds, in this county, exceeds \$15,000. Our worthy brother, the State Agent at Louisville, informs us that during the months of February and March last, they ordered \$80,000 worth of seeds. You will bear in mind, that the Agency was then in its infancy, and had, eight or ten long established seed stores in Louisville in competition with them, and every thing locked up in ice.

This is no fancy sketch, but stubborn facts. The greater part of this amount is taken from the pockets of our small farmers, who feel it a life and death struggle to buy seed, and cultivate their farms.—*G. W. Riley for Chestnut Grove Grange, in Shelbyville Republican Sept. 22.*

The Grange and our Young Men.

The efforts of the Patrons of Husbandry to elevate the calling of the farmer and put it upon an equality with other pursuits, are being crowned with signal success, and are doing a great deal towards making our young men satisfied with the vocation of the farmer. The old idea that a farmer must be ignorant, uncouth, and uninformed, is rapidly taking leave of the public mind. We number some of the leading minds in the State among the farmers of Mississippi, some of the strongest and best thinkers, some of the truest and broadest statesmen. Here is great encouragement for our farmer boys.

We hope our farmers, and especially our young men, will show a disposition to distinguish themselves in some other way than by being a village loafer or a hanger-on at groceries, and it is just here that the teachings and associations in the Grange come and direct aright the laudable ambition of our youth. It throws its protecting arms around and about our young men who are members and encourages them in their efforts to lead sober, industrious and upright lives. This is some of the good work that every well-conducted Grange is accomplishing, and the fruits are daily becoming more and more manifest.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

Improvement of Clayey Soils.

One of the principal defects of clayey soils, especially where they rest upon a subsoil of the same nature, is the excess of water which is held in them. The only effectual way, in a majority of cases, to get rid of this is by thorough underdraining. This draws off by imperceptible degrees all the excess of water, and opens the soil to the free admission of the air, which in its passage through it imparts warmth and such fertilizing gases as it may contain. Open drains or ditches, though less effectual, are useful. In some cases, water furrows, terminating in some ravine or ditch, serve a good purpose. Lime is exceedingly useful as an ameliorator of clayey soils, inducing chemical combinations, the mechanical effects of which is to break up too great a tenacity of the clay, while it adds, at the same time, an element of fertility which may perhaps be wanting. Gypsum, or plaster of Paris, has the same effect in a still more powerful degree. Ashes, coarse vegetable manures, straw, leaves, chips, etc., are also very useful, adding new materials to the soil, and tending to separate its particles and destroy their strong cohesion. Clayey lands must never be ploughed when wet.—*North Carolinian.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Valuable Recipes.

LONDON BROWN.—For six pounds of yarn or cloth take one and a quarter pounds of camwood, quercitron bark, one pound logwood, four ounces coppers. Boil the camwood, quercitron and logwood for an hour; add the coppers; put in the yarn and stir briskly for an hour at boiling heat. Rinse in cold water.

YEAST AND HOME-MADE BREAD.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When nearly cold, bottle and cork it closely. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Take one quart of Graham flour, one half cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, warm water or milk sufficient to stir readily with a spoon. When light, stir again, drop in rings and bake. If made over night it may be necessary to add a little soda before baking. Do not bake too hard.

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